

## THE BISBEE DAILY REVIEW

"All the News That's Fit to Print"

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Bisbee, Arizona, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Published at Bisbee, Arizona, the best mining city in the west, at the Review Building, corner O. K. Street and Review Avenue.

CONSOLIDATED PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY

GEO. H. KELLY, President

TELEPHONE 139

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL OR CARRIER

ONE MONTH	\$ .75
SIX MONTHS	4.50
ONE YEAR	8.00
ONE YEAR in Advance	7.50

Address all Communications to THE BISBEE DAILY REVIEW, Bisbee, Arizona

## MR. TAFT'S USURPATION.

Nothing that the president has done in his nefarious policy of embezzling the republican wheel-horses and benefitting the country has been more shocking than his kidnapping of twice as many senators as will listen to the insubordinate debate reciprocity. According to the recent census of the debate on reciprocity one senator of no particular light or leading was addressing the empty galleries, while another senator was presiding and a third was waiting to relay the speaker lest there should be a vote if his lungs gave out. At or about that time the president was arranging that four leaders of each side of the senate should go with him yachting. The president seems to think it possible to run the United States in the manner in which Mr. Gary runs the steel trade of the United States, and perhaps of the world. Mr. Gary may run his own risks of indictment, but the president is risking boiling in oil, or cremation perhaps, when Senator La Follette comes to address the galleries in his rehearsal for the Chautauqua circuit.

It might be interesting to discuss why the senate flees as from a plague what the Chautauqua circuit pays big money to hear, but that is aside. The present topic is the usurpation of the president, not the usurpation of the senate by Chautauqua. The explanation of the president's domination of his party and the situation is that for the first time in recent years the republicans are led by a commercial statesman instead of by commercial politicians. The president is so far above tariff graft that he deliberately staked his future upon the welfare of the country. He is rewarded by finding the country behind him, almost regardless of party. This was the proud and happy position of the insurgents when their position had some points of resemblance to that of the president. But when the test of sincerity came they were unequal to it. They were wrecked on the selfishness of themselves, or of their sections. They were protectionists for personal or sectional profit, not for the profit of the country. From the moment that his became apparent their stars yielded to the president's. They might talk sense now, but it would matter nothing if they differed from the president. When their motives were exposed, and his stood the fire test, all was over but taking the vote. No wonder they fear to have themselves counted. No wonder the president smiles as he goes yachting with his kidnapped crew, and is arranging something else, reciprocity now being an accomplished fact. All but the record so far as the United States is concerned. The Mayflower never was put to better use. May his cruise be cool and to the public profit; it has already been somewhat delayed; and may it be as hot in Washington as scorching senatorial eloquence can make it.—New York Times.

## LAST ACT OF THE RECIPROCITY DRAMA.

With the voting on the amend-

ments has begun the last act of the senate drama of reciprocity, with the prospect that it will be of short duration. With the fall of the curtain there will be apt to prevail a deal of confusion among the insurgent actors. While some of them will support the reciprocity bill, the others, including Senators Cummins and La Follette, will hold out against it to the last; but by all accounts not more than thirty votes in the senate or less than one-third, will be recorded against the bill.

It is intimated that in the closing scenes a bomb loaded with nitroglycerine, metaphorically speaking, will be flung into the senate, to the dismay of some of its members. It is said that a senator has made a collection of speeches of insurgent members in the extra session of 1909 in which they urged substantial reductions of duties on woollens and other textile fabrics, and clearly demonstrated that the tariff affords no protection to American farmers. Thus a looking glass, so to speak, will be held up to the insurgents, who are shrieking "ruin of the farmers" in 1911 (though they could discern no sign of it in 1909) from reduced duties on agricultural imports. But the question is whether this would not be an act of needless cruelty to those senators who have private political and personal reasons for opposing reciprocity, and who yet declare that they will go as far as the democrats in a general revision of the tariff—Philadelphia Record.

## PRESS COMMENT

## DOG OBITUARY.

(Wickenburg Miner).

Mrs. C. W. Platt and son James are mourning the loss of their pet dog Custer who died Monday from screw worms, after strenuous efforts to save his life. The old dog had been a constant companion of the Platt family for many years. This is the second pioneer dog of Wickenburg that has died recently. Old Major, the pet of the R. W. Baxter family died a few weeks ago leaving a vacancy that will be hard to fill.

## FRYING ARIZONA FAT.

(Democrat).

The Los Angeles hotels, lodging houses and restaurants are frying the fat out of their Arizona victims this summer, as usual. We are glad of it. We hope they will squeeze the people who, in order to be "fashionable," make fools of themselves by sweltering in the summer heat of that city and permit themselves to be robbed. Rather than patronize their northern neighbors, and not only be comfortable, but spend their money in Arizona.

## GIFT EXCELLENT IDEA.

(Tucson Star).

In donating to the University of Arizona ornamental iron gates to replace the heavy and rickety wooden gates now barring the main entrance, the Prescott Chamber of Commerce has inaugurated a movement which might well be emulated by the commercial organizations of other cities. As soon as President Wilde expressed the wish that some better gates might be given to the University, the president of the Prescott organization authorized him to purchase the gates and send the bill to him. The gift was made in good spirit and is appreciated.

Why should not other cities make gifts to the university which represents the entire territory, one city as much as another? There are numerous gifts which would be both ornamental and useful, some of them filling long felt wants. A public institution financed as is the University of Arizona does not feel authorized to run to the legislature for every little need, and consequently frequently does without. Dr. Wilde is sufficiently interested in the upbuilding of the institution to inform any city wanting to know just what the university most needs, and gifts such as Prescott has made will aid the university and advertise the donor.

The gift made by Prescott is prophetic of a greater interest throughout the territory in the university, and marks the beginning of a spirit necessary to make the institution a big success. The University does not belong to Tucson simply because it is located here, but is an educational representative of every city and village in the territory. Every community should take pride in making the university greater, and gifts such as that of Prescott will aid more than the casual observer would imagine.

"For Her Brother's Sake," great Vitaphone drama Royal tonight.

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## Country Town Sayings

(By "Ed" Howe)

When a woman does wrong she thinks she has been wronged.

After a child is twenty-five, its mother shouldn't tell how old it is.

Sometimes the nomination seeks the man when the office does not.

Every man I ever knew had ambition, but only a few had application with it.

I sometimes think that people don't know any more after having had experience than before.

A certain amount of humiliation is necessary to keep a man down to where he belongs.

There is a great deal of talk about a great many things that there is mighty little in.

Not every woman thinks she is handsome; but every woman thinks she can make the best pickles on earth.

An actor is like an Indian; when he wants to get married again, he doesn't pay the attention he should to the fact that he is already married.

Have you noticed that when a man asks you for your candid opinion, he nearly always questions the soundness of it?

(Copyright 1911 by George Matthew Adams.)

## McDuff, Editor

"Editor,  
"Monthly Fiction,  
"London, England.

"Dear Sir:—For ten years my sister and myself have been constant readers of the Monthly Fiction. Since reading that disgraceful story entitled 'A Divorcee's Affinity' in the pages of this month's publication of your magazine, we can no longer as respectable ladies have your magazine in our home. Therefore please discontinue mailing Monthly Fiction to us, and refund the remaining balance due from our subscription, as per contract, which we shall immediately donate to the Woman's Anti-Vice society.

Respectfully,  
(Miss) TABITHA DIGGS.

The editor wearily cast the letter aside, as he rang the bell.

"McDuff," he said to the cheerful-faced young man who answered, "Cancel the Tabitha Diggs subscription, and refund any balance there may be immediately."

"There's only one month to run on that subscription, sir. Shall I send the fourpence?"

"That's what I said," the editor snapped, as he turned once more to his mail.

The Tabitha Diggs letter had been but one of a score received from various parts of the country since the publication of the January number of the Monthly Fiction, protesting in terms various, but in substance the same, against the "immoral," "disgraceful," "wickedly licentious" story of "A Divorcee's Affinity."

Besides letters from subscribers the unfortunate editor had refused a like number from ministers of the gospel, whose "attention had been drawn to the January issue of the Monthly Fiction by a member of the Church," etc.

What to editors of a successful magazine was an everyday occurrence, was to the editor of the respectable Little Monthly Fiction a calamity.

For thirty-five years he had been editor and owner of the modest little magazine, which for thirty-five years had just about paid expenses and a meager living, and not a penny more.

Harris was a quiet little man, a slave to custom, and scrupulously conscientious. Never—never in the many years he had sat in the editor's chair in Shoe Lane had he ever received a letter of condemnation—at least never from ministers of the gospel. He had timidly dared to diverge from the narrow, beaten path, and ruthlessly broken all precedent by accepting a story other than one dealing with bread and butter heroines and cricket-playing young men in fannels. He had dared to print a story of life—real life as it was.

The author was a man whose stories appeared in the most successful magazines; who was literally a social lion; and yet, when Harris finally made up his mind to get reckless and treat his readers to a story, the price of which was nearly prohibitive to his little magazine, it had brought down a shower of cancelled subscriptions and a torrent of ministerial abuse and censure about his head.

Two local clergymen called to personally exhort Harris to make what reparation lay in his power to counteract the wicked influence of that story, by selecting for future use in the pages of the Monthly Fiction such articles as would uplift the moral tone of the magazine, and serve as an apology for the story of gross immorality which had, no doubt, so shocked and scandalized every reader of the January number.

One of the clergymen subsequently said he would not denounce the Monthly Fiction from the pulpit, and laid a manuscript of his own pen on the editor's desk, saying that the address where the cheque was to be sent would be found enclosed.

Upon opening the pages of closely written script letter, Harris read the

title: "The Influence of the Missionary upon the Heathen."

But the worst had not yet come. A letter from Harris' wife who was in Australia with their sick daughter told the father to come immediately if he would see the child alive. With a groan Harris refolded the letter and sat in thought for a few minutes. He knew he could scarcely afford the trip to the antipodes, especially as heaven only knew how many more subscriptions might be cancelled, and even the writer of the story had not yet been paid.

McDuff, entering in answer to a ring, was startled to see the utter hopelessness on the face of the editor. McDuff was proof reader, compositor, clerk, typist and practically everything, but editor.

In a few brief sentences Harris explained the situation to his factotum. McDuff must take on the office of editor while Harris was away in Australia. He was cautioned about the kind of articles and stories to print, and sternly recommended to accept only such stories as would be in accord with the previous tone of the magazine prior to the January number.

McDuff's heart was beating wildly, but his emotions were cleverly concealed by an expressionless face. Editor! McDuff, Editor!

Two weeks later when McDuff was just finishing the last stick of type on "The Influence of the Missionary Upon the Heathen," the office boy announced that Mr. James Merrewether was waiting in the office to see the editor. James Merrewether—the author who had written "A Divorcee's Affinity."

With an angry motion McDuff threw off his apron and pulled on his coat. Without waiting to wash his hands or smooth his tumbled blonde hair he made his way to the office.

A tall, strongly-built man was standing by one of the windows looking down into the narrow street, little more than an alley. He turned to McDuff and smiled pleasantly.

Embarrassed by the pleasant assurance of the perfectly groomed and handsome author, and fully aware of the sorry figure of an editor he must cut, McDuff stammered:

"Mr. Merrewether? What can I do for you, sir?"

"I came to see Mr. Harris, the editor," Merrewether answered, still smiling.

"Mr. Harris is away. I am the editor pro tem," McDuff answered none too pleasantly, his eyes looking unsmilingly into the brown orbs of the author.

"Oh! I see," Merrewether answered as he surveyed young McDuff critically.

"I was just passing this way and thought that I would drop in and ask if Mr. Harris had sent me a cheque for seventy pounds yet. The magazine always pay on publication, and it is now two weeks since my little story appeared, so I thought perhaps the letter containing the cheque had gone astray. You no doubt remember the story 'A Divorcee'—"

"Remember it, sir," the innocent McDuff nearly shouted, his voice shaking with suppressed anger.

"Would to God we could forget it!" Then, knowing that the cheque had not yet been sent owing to the depleted state of the firm's bank account for reason of the imperative need of cash for Harris' trip, he stared blankly at the author. What possible excuse could he give for asking the man to wait until the first of the month?

"What do you mean by wishing you could forget it?" Merrewether asked, the smile gone from his eyes, but in a low quiet voice.

McDuff, the unsophisticated, the cheerful boy, scarcely a man; the lad who had never been further from home than Brighton for a week-end; and whose fond mother still bossed her six-footed, chubby son, blurted out the woes of Harris and the Monthly Fiction to the author.

Merrewether was first astonished, and then angry, and then, as McDuff dilated on the contents of the several letters received, he burst into unbecoming laughter.

McDuff stopped short, with anger written all over his loyal face and figure, even to the tightly-clenched fists.

"Come now," Merrewether said, the laugh fading away, as his face became serious. "Be sociable and sit down. Tell me all about this Monthly Fiction—what do you get for advertisements and what circulation you have?"

McDuff's round face was a study of indignation, but it soon gave way to interest and alarm as Merrewether talked. He shook his head several times as though at the impossibility of a suggestion, and finally, as his companion's low persuasive tones continued, he smiled broadly, and then laughed.

"You'll do it?" Merrewether said, as he observed unmistakable signs of surrender in the boyish face.

"Yes," McDuff answered, briefly, looking frankly into Merrewether's face.

"I knew you were a sport," the author said admiringly, as he rose. "I shall return at four."

Striving bravely to still his conscience and quell the disturbance his heart was making, McDuff went back to the compositor's room and proceeded to empty form after form of set-up matter. He perhaps took more joy in demolishing the unnecessary flowers of rhetoric in "The Influence of the Missionary upon the Heathen" than "Household Hints for Preserving Clothes" or the banner short story, "The Reward of the Just."

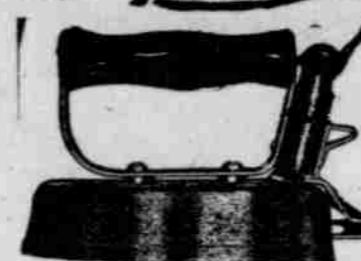
As he threw the type into place, there was no regret at the loss of his two weeks' labor, only a wholesome joy and anticipation of joy to come in setting up the articles which James Merrewether would select for the February Monthly Fiction.

III.

For two weeks the editor pro tem

## HOME COMFORTS

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## FOREST FIRE'S TOLL IS STILL INCREASING

(Continued from Page 1.)

the lake, by suffocation while standing in the water or by being swamped in canoes. Most of these are as yet unknown and some will never be known, for they came from the four corners of the universe and their names and homes are unknown.

Nothing can be added to the stories of loss at the mines beyond the fact that Captain Jack Hamilton, who was at first counted among the dead at West Dome, is alive; so is Jos. Tracy, accountant for F. A. Helme.

French Consul Perishes. Among the 122 victims known to have perished in the neighborhood of Forestpine is July Mulayer, 30 years old, the French consul. Twenty-seven foreigners lost their lives at the West Dome shaft and 30 others were killed at another of the Dome shafts. There are believed to have been many other fatalities among foreign laborers.

his shoes. "I suppose they like—like our new policy, sir. And they want to see their names in the newspapers."

Harris looked at the sign over the desk, "Editor pro tem." Taking his fountain pen out of his waistcoat pocket he drew a heavy line through the last two words.

McDuff looked up in surprise.

"I couldn't carry on this 'policy' of yours, my boy. I'm too old to learn new tricks, and, if you will accept, I shall name you editor, McDuff, while I travel about the world on the proceeds of this new and lucrative 'policy'."

and the author worked side by side setting up the Monthly Fiction.

Merrewether, under the name of James, had made a personal call on every subscriber and person who had written a condemnatory letter to Harris. He also called upon members of the clergy who had essayed to instruct Harris in the manner in which he should conduct his magazine.

He was broadly sympathetic with all, and before he had taken his leave, his powerful personality and subtle fascination had accomplished the object of his call.

He also saw the editors of the daily newspapers. To such as were known to him he made a ten minute explanation, and with the others he left the following duly witnessed and signed document:

"This is to certify that the editor of Monthly Fiction voluntarily agrees not to prosecute for libel any newspaper or publication printing derogatory letters or statements relating to said Monthly Fiction, its editors, or owners, for the space of twenty years.

(Signed) "TOM McDUFF,"

"Editor pro tem."

The names of the witnesses followed, and finally the notarial seal and signature.

In each daily an advertisement appeared on the last day of January stating that the February issue of Monthly Fiction would be on sale at the various dealers on the morrow, and giving a list of the stories and articles which would appear.

The minister who wrote "The Influence of the Missionary upon the Heathen" read the advertisement with palling cheeks:

"The Monthly Fiction announces to its readers that for thirty-five years it has followed the policy of 'Try to please everybody,' and takes pleasure in stating that as this policy has been little better than mellow (rotten) for business, it will now follow the policy of pleasing itself, and take a chance on an increase of business."

"The following stories and articles will appear in the February issue:

"1. Why Divorce Should Be Encouraged.

"2. A Drunkard's Heroism.

"3. Why Missionaries Should be Kept at Home.

"4. Magnolia, of the Slums.

"5. How to Subdue an Old Maid.

"6. The Poisoned Peppermint: or the Candy Girl's Revenge.

"7. An Apple or Peach in Eden?

"8. Study: A Sign of Mental Decay.

"9. An Actress's Lover.

"10. Not He! Parrot!

"11. Does Morality Mean Progression?

"12. The Divine Rights of Anarchists.

"13. A Corner With Our Readers. POETRY.

"14. Who Robbed the Cane Horse's Tail?

"15. Fair Affinities.

"16. The Love Pirate."

The clergyman, as did several

victims, drowned by plunges into